

Being Alive

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Summary:

Another fix-it Reddie fic this time with the 90s Losers. But can be read with the movie cast in mind.

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Author's Note:

I was in the mood to read some 90s Reddie but couldn't find anything. So decided to write my own fix it fic.

Canon is a mix of miniseries and movie.

There was darkness, darkness and then light. And the worst headache of his life that he could remember at any rate. He felt as though he were floating...

You'll float down here too Eddie-boy.

His body was bent at an awkward angle and something bone hard was knocking into stomach making him feel more nauseous with every movement. He opened his eyes and saw ground and a familiar blue jacket. Richie, he realized. Richie was carrying him over his shoulders. But why? The last thing he remembered was... Pennywise! And the sound of the other Losers yelling his name, but most especially Richie.

He remembered Richie had sounded as though he was the one with the hole in his chest. He had wanted to tell him it was okay, he felt fine, there was no pain.

But there was pain now, every part of him was in pain. He tried to tell Richie to stop but his lips felt glued shut, he tasted thick blood in his mouth and gagged. He started to choke, he couldn't breath. He had survived the sewers, somehow, to die anyway choking on his own blood.

"You okay there, Richie?" he heard Ben come closer, he was breathing heavy too. "I can take over if you need a break."

"Mm, fine," Richie mumbled and held Eddie tighter.

"You sure?" Bev came into view as she touched Richie's arm. "You don't sound too good, sweetie."

Eddie tried coughing to get his friend's attention.

"Did... you hear something?" Bill sounded farther away.

"That wasn't you, Richie," Bev finally looked down at him, her eyes widened in shock. "Eddie? Oh my god, Eddie! He's alive! Richie put him down, Ben, Bill help him."

Eddie closed his eyes and struggled to control his breathing. He was still afraid but with his friend's hands on him he knew he would be fine. He lay in someone's lap, Richie he recognized his scent. Someone held his hand, Bev it would be Bev. Someone else brushed back his hair while somebody was opening up his mouth with their fingers.

Someone was crying, maybe they all were.

"Come on, Eds," Richie urged. "Breathe, come on. You can do it. We believe in you. I... I believe in you. Come on, Spaghetti man, do it for me. We killed it. With your help, we killed it. It won't come back. Breathe Eddie, love. We love you man, we aren't going to leave you alone. We love you." His voice broke down with tears. "I love you little man. I love you."

Eddie listened to Richie's voice, breathing slowly. Bev kissed his hand. "Come back to us Eddie. Stay with us, honey. I know you can fight it, sweetie."

"Lift his head up a little Bill," Ben spoke from his side, it was his fingers in his mouth then. "Turn his head to the side, we don't want him to choke on his own blood or vomit."

Go back to Richie, Eddie. He needs you. Tell them... tell them to forgive me. Tell them I love them. Tell them not to forget. Tell Bill... I forgive him.

Stan! The voice was different than he remembered, older and deeper, but still Stan. Eddie gasped and tried to sit up but started to cough uncontrollably. He felt something lodged in the back of his throat, he didn't want to be sick in front of everyone but apparently his throat just wanted the mass out.

"It's okay, Eds," he felt Richie's arms around his waist. "It's going to be alright, bud," he kissed the back of his neck. "I've got you." Someone patted him in the back.

Eddie felt the mass move up his throat to his mouth, it had the consistency of jello that had been left out too long. He spat it out

violently.

"Wh-what is that?" Bill sounded frightened.

"Oh my- I think it's moving," Bev gagged.

"Kill the damn thing, Mike," Richie did not let Eddie go.

"I think it's dying on its own," Mike answered. "Whatever it is, it's dying without a host."

Eddie heard a loud stomp and squish as though someone had stepped on it.

"Thanks Haystack," Richie replied.

Eddie continued to spit the taste of death from his mouth. He wiped his mouth with his hand and started to sob.

"Hey, Eds, you did it buddy, you did it," Richie turned Eddie towards him. "Come on, buddy, open your eyes. Come on baby, just look at me, okay."

Eddie opened his eyes and the first thing he saw was Richie. Richie who carried his body out of the sewers and called him back from

death itself. "Hey," he said, stupidly.

"Hey," Richie laughed and hugged him, kissed his cheek. "You scared us, Spaghetti man."

Eddie felt like closing his eyes and falling asleep in Richie's arms but he made a face. "Gross, don't. I have blood and sewer all over me. I'm disgusting." He tried to push away.

"Funny, I think you're the most beautiful sight I've ever seen," Richie held Eddie's face and gave him a loud comical smack on the lips.

Richie had been his first kiss he suddenly remembered and wondered if Richie did too. They had been just kids messing around. Richie had pinned him down trying to kiss him and Eddie had licked his mouth to get away.

Eddie pulled back and rubbed at his mouth. Richie had a spot of blood, or something, on his stupid mustache that Eddie couldn't stop staring at. It did not ease his mind that it was probably from himself, he felt sick to his stomach again.

"Welcome back, hon," Bev ended up hugging both him and Richie. She kissed his cheek and then Richie's.

"Good to have you back, Eddie," Ben reached around Bev to hug both her and him.

"I can't believe it, we watched it-, it killed you Eddie, we saw," Mike crouched down reaching out to him but stopped like he was afraid of him. "Do you- are you in pain? The wound... it went straight through."

Eddie could not blame Mike for being suspicious, he would be too. He pulled up his mostly ruined shirt. The skin underneath was crusted with dried blood and mud, at least he tried to convince himself that's all it was, but the skin itself was unbroken.

"Fascinating," Mike reached out and touched the skin for himself. "I would love to get a better look at it once it's cleaned, of course."

"If this is your way of trying to get Eds here out of his clothes perhaps you can wait until we're back at the inn, yeah?" Richie teased.

"W-we s-should head back," Bill looked behind them. "B-before someone comes along with questions we can't answer. Do you think you can stand Eddie? Give him your jacket Richie, it'll cover the worst of the blood."

Richie removed his jacket and wrapped it around Eddie's shoulders. "I think this means we're going steady now, Eds."

"Beep, beep, Richie," Eddie stood with the help of Ben. He felt weak like he would after a long illness but after the injuries he had suffered he should be paralyzed, if not dead.

"Would you prefer I carry bridal style into town?" Richie pinched his cheek.

"Wouldn't want you to blow out your back, old man," Eddie let go of Ben, he wanted to walk back to town on his own.

"Hey, one point to the Spaghetti man," Richie and and ruffled Eddie's hair. "But I can think of a better way to blow out my back, if you get my meaning."

"I'm lucky you didn't break my spine with the way you were carrying me," Eddie complained. "Should sue you to pay for the chiropractor visits."

"It's called a fisherman's carry, loser," Richie bumped his shoulder. "You're welcome by the way, for carrying your sorry ass out of there."

Beverly started to giggle.

"It's nice to see you guys back at it," Bev wiped at her tears. "Sorry, we thought we had lost you too." Ben put his arm around her shoulders, she lay her head on his shoulder. "I wish Stan were here too."

"I heard his voice... Stan's before I came back. He said to forgive him, that he... loved everyone and not to forget him," Eddie spoke softly.

"Is that... um, all he said?" Bill asked quietly.

"No," Eddie shook his head. "He said... he forgives you, Bill."

Bill lowered his head but when he looked up again he had a smile of peace on his face. "Stan was here with us, we wouldn't have been able to defeat IT without him."

"Lucky seven," Mike looked down at his palm, at the scar they all shared. "I'll be... It's fading." He showed his hand to the group. "The scar is fading."

"We did it," Bill touched his own palm. "It's over. IT won't be coming back this time."

"Good thing," Richie chuckled. "We'd all be in our sixties if IT did."

"What if we forget again?" Ben looked down at Bev in his arms.

"We won't," Bev looked up at him. "Stan told us not to forget him."

That hadn't been all Stan had said.

Go back to Richie, Eddie. He needs you.

Eddie didn't know what Stan meant by that. It had always been him that had needed Richie, not the other way around.

"Hey, Rich," Eddie grabbed his arm. "Thank you for bringing me out." He kissed his cheek quickly.

"Couldn't leave you down there," Richie wiped something off of Eddie's nose. "Need someone to laugh at my jokes, don't I?"

"I don't know why," Eddie knocked his hand away. "Always did that fine on your own, didn't you?"

"Ouch," Richie grasped his chest in mock indignation. "Maybe I should've left you down there."

"We should get going if we want to make it back by morning," Mike reminded them. "Even in Derry the cops might question six grown adults covered in blood walking down the street."

"I want to change my clothes," Bev said.

"I'm starving," Ben laughed. "But not Chinese, I never want to see another fortune cookie as long as I live."

"I need to call my wife... I just need to hear her voice," Bill rubbed the

back of his neck.

"I plan on sleeping for two days straight through," Richie chuckled.
"I'm getting too old for all nighters."

"I just want to take a shower... and then a long bath," Eddie leaned against Richie. "And then maybe another shower."

"I think that might be arranged, buddy," Richie put his arm around him.

It had been a long night but Eddie was back with the people he loved, and who loved him. He was alive.

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading!

(May be continued)